EPIGRAMS
OF
All Sorts.

I. Book.

Written by

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

LONDON,
Printed for the Author. 1669.

EPIGRAMS

OF

All Sorts.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Written by

RICHARD BECKINGHAM.

LONDON,

Printed for the Author, 1659.

TO HIS

NOBLE FRIENDS,

The Readers.

EPigrams; *In Verſe are the ſame, as* Characters *in Proſe; a ſhort and eaſy kind of writing; and therefore moſt fit for me, who Love not long diſcourſes, and cannot take pains in a-*

ny thing; and if the Reader be of my disposition, I'm glad of it; for we shall well agree. I writ them to avoid Idleness and publish them to avoid the Impute of it; And as others write to live, after they are dead: I do it, not to be thought dead, whilst I am alive; for as to conceal what one does, little differs from Idleness; so to be Idle, little differs from being dead.

They are most of them newly writ, or newly publish'd; And if any of them have been published before, there is somewhat added to them that makes them in

manner

manner new. To Dedicate them in particular to any one, were to do Injury to the rest; by appropriateing that, which shou'd be in common amongst you all. Take them amongst you then, since they were chiefly writ for you; and if you like them, they are the First Book; *if not, the* Last. *of*

Your humble Servant,

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

EPIGRAMME
In Praise of
Epigrams.

With Epigrams, *just as with* Musick *'tis,*
Their chiefest Grace is in their Cadences,
And point o'th' close; just like some Gentle Dart
Do's strike our Ears, as Love *do's strike our Heart.*
In every kind, be th'writing what it will,
'Tis Epigram *do's most delight us still.*
And in it's Wit consists the Harmony,
And Beauty of't, what e're the subject be.
Poets *can't write, nor* Orators *declame,*
But all their wit is chiefly Epigramme:
Nor any well discourse, but 'tis that which
Do's chiefly charm, and chiefly do's bewitch.
To End, in Verse and Prose and every thing,
Your Epigramme *is writing for a King.*

EPIGRAMS

Of all Sorts.

To a fair Lady, too confident of her Innocence.

POor Innocent Beauty how it pitties me!
To see thee thus expos'd to Calumnie.
Whilst men so vitious are, they won't allow
That any can be fair and Vertuous now.
In *Saturn*'s reign perhaps it might suffice,
When to be Innocent was to be wise,
But now without the *Serpent*'s wisdom too,
The Innocence of the *Dove* will hardly do.
Trust then no more to harmless Innocence,
For you and *Vertue*, but a poor defence,
For Innocence, but *Vertue* is unarm'd,
The more you trust unto't, the more you'r harm'd.

To his Honourable Friend H. H.

I Grant you, Sir, I have a mind unfit
For my low Fortune, and too high for it,
But ſure you'l grant tis better, have it ſo
Than for high Fortune, t'have a mind too low.
I'm none of theſe ſame Cringing things that ſtoop
Juſt like a Tumbler when he vaults through hoops
Or *Daw*, or *Magpie*, when at fruit it pecks,
Alternately their Tayls above their becks.
If wealth ith vulgar way doth only lye
For me, let low minds ſtoop for't min's too high
Who ne'r thought any thing was truly wealth,
That was below, or elſe without my ſelf.
Nor care I what the talking vulgar ſay
For being not of their number, nor their way,
They do but talk, and can't in judgment ſit,
Nor lyes it in their verge to judge of it.
I put my ſelf upon the only few
That is the beſt and worthieſt, ſuch as you.

Who is the Richeſt and happieſt man.

WHo cares for nothing that he cannot have
And nothing others can deprive him of,
With no diſquiet of a guilty Breaſt
To break his ſleep, or to diſturb his reſt;
In ſtate and fortune neither Rich nor poor,
But ha's enough and does deſire no more,

An

And lives a life no Prince's ſmile nor frown
Can either raiſe him up, nor throw him down.
And neither hopes to riſe, or fears to fall
Is richeſt and the happieſt man of all.

On an Avaritious perſon.

WHo wholly ſpends his Life in getting [wealth,
And to increaſe his ſtore, conſumes him-[ſelf,
Does no leſs Fool, than thoſe to me appear,
Who ſell their Horſe, to buy him Provender.

On certain Ladies, who ſaid, they lik'd not our old Wits.

LAdies you like not our old wits, you ſay,
And what new ones are thoſe, you like, I pray?
As Squibs and Crackers are to ſolid fire,
So to the old, as th'new ones you admire.
But tis the Nature of Green-ſickneſs wits,
As tis of your Green-ſickneſs appetits,
That in the Soul's, this in the Body's food,
To like the bad, and to miſlike the Good.
And juſt as *Hereſie* at firſt begun,
With crying down the old *Religion*,
So tis a kind of *Hereſie* in you,
To cry down old wits, and cry up the new.
If ſo with your good leave, ſay what you will
Of your *new wits*, I'm for the *old ones* ſtill.

On the death of Charles *Lord* Gerard *of* Bromley.

WHo alive ſo far had been,
He almoſt every Land had ſeen,
And almoſt every thing did know,
As man cou'd in this World below.
At laſt his knowledge to improve,
Is gone unto the World above.
Where his knowledge is ſo much;
And his Happineſs is ſuch,
Twou'd Envy and not ſorrow ſeem,
In thoſe too much ſhou'd grieve for him.

On Pen careleſs.

SLighted by all, *Pen* ſaid; ſhe did not care
For others more, than others did for her,
If ſo ſhe's happy, for I do not ſee
Any one lives more free from Care, than ſhe.

On married Miniſters.

IF both it'h Spiritual and Temporal warr,
Your Wives but Baggages oth' Armies are,
We well may ſay, your Miniſters who marry,
Whilſt others fight, do with the Baggage tarry.

The Author of a Good Play not Acted, to the Author of an Ill one Acted.

THeir wit and Judgment's ſmall, we well [may ſay,
By the acting or not acting, judge the Play,
For tis not the acting rightly underſtood
But writing makes the Play or bad or Good;
If Good, like mine, it is the *Actors* fault,
And not the *Writers*, if they act it not,
But if't be bad, like thine, then if they do,
Tis both the *Actors* and the *Writers* too.

To Mis: Davies, *on her Excellent dancing.*

DEar *Mis*: delight of all the nobler ſort;
Pride of the Stage and darling of the Court,
Who wou'd not think to ſee thee dance ſo light,
Thou wer't all air? or elſe all ſoul and ſpirit?
Or who'd not ſay to ſee thee only tread,
Thy feet were feathers! others feet but lead?
Athlanta well cou'd run, and *Hermes* flee,
But none er'e mov'd more Gracefully, than thee;
And *Circes* charm'd with wand and Magick lore,
But none, like thee, er'e charm'd with Feet before.
Thou Miracle! whom all men muſt admire
To ſee thee move like air, and mount like fire.

Who er'e wou'd follow thee or come but nigh
To thy perfection, muſt not dance but fly.

Ænigma.
On the Name of a fair Lady.

HEr firſt name ſomwhat of *Elizium* has,
Her ſecond is (in a more miſtick phraſe)
That colour which ſhews venerable Age,
And does it'h morning a fair day preſage;
Unriddle now and tell whoſe name this is,
Or forfeit a diſcretion, if you miſs.

On Mrs. A. C. *bluſhing when the* King *look'd on her.*

SO Roſes bluſh when lookt on by the Sun,
As *Cicilanna* when the King looks on,
And ſo of all fair Things, we nothing ſee
More fair in Nature, than the Roſe and ſhe.
If things take name from their Original,
We well her bluſhes Royal ones may call;
And if tha've loſt the Royal purples ſtain,
It in her cheeks may well be found again,
Mean Time as Excellent matter beſt does fit
An excellent Artiſan to work on it,
The *King* cou'd ne're have found a fitter place
To look upon, than *Cicilanna*'s face.

The dedication of his Book of Characters to his Majesty.

VOuchsafe Great Sire on these to cast your [sight,
Made chiefly for your Majesty's delight,
By one ha's cast off all Ambition
But pleasing and delighting you alone.
Counting it, highest honour can befall
To delight him, who's the delight of all.

On Madam Master,

OF Madam it may well be sed,
That Madam ha's but little wit,
Since Madam's Husband is her head,
And Madam makes a Fool of it.

On Doctor Cornuto.

WHo so famous was of late,
He was with finger pointed at,
What cannot learning do and single state?
Being married, he so famous grew
As he was pointed at with two,
What cannot learning and a wife now do?

To Clariſſa.

AND why *Clariſſa* ſo much pains and care
To gain repute of beautiful and fair?
When without all this Care and all this pain,
You have already what you ſtrive to gain:
Beauty and *Truth* need ſo ſmall ſetting forth
As all you add to't, takes but from its worth,
And the *Sun* and you need far more Art to hide
Your Glittering beams, than make them more eſpy'd.
All other Arts in you wou'd ſhew as poor
As his ſhou'd ſeek to gil'd Gold Ingots or'e,
And you'd appear, as vain in it, as they
Shou'd go about to Blanch the milky way.
No, no, you'r fair enough, leave unto thoſe
Theſe perty Arts, whoſe Beauty's chiefly cloaths,
So Politicks when th' Lyon's skin does fail,
Do uſe to piece it with the Foxes Tail,
But when th'ave Lyons skin enough, tis poor
And beggarly, to add a piece to't more.

On thoſe who ſell their Liberty for a little Gain.

WHILST thoſe for wealth do ſell their Liberty,
Cal't *Angling for the Golden Fiſh*, for me,
Loving my Liberty as I do, I look
Upon't, as *fiſhing with a Goldenhook*.

To

To the truly Noble Lord:

EVen such a person, such a mind, as thine
Brave *Heros*, Emperours had in antient time,
When choosing men for Empire only fit,
The bravest mind and person carryed it.
And now, although the Times be changed, we see,
They make their Favourites still of such, as thee,
Whom for their noble persons and their mind,
They best and fittest for Imployment find.
So howsoe're the World goes, thou at least
Shalt always be the best, or nigh the best.

The Lives of the Patrons.

FIrst of all they never care
Nor for *Clock* nor *Calendar*,
Next they ne're desire to know
How affairs ot'h World do go.
Above all, they ne're resort
To the busie *Hall* nor *Court*,
Where poor men do nothing else
But trouble others and themselves.
All the business they look after,
Only is their sport and Laughter,
With a friend, and cheerful cup
Merrily to dine and sup,
Hear good Musick, see a Play,
Thus they pass the Time away.

Of

Of an Epicure.

HE's one, of nothing elſe does think,
But only of Good cheer and drink,
And never is in better mood
Than when you talk of drink and food.
Who for his palat and his guſt
Ha's quite forgot all other luſt,
And huggs a bottle, as he wou'd
a Miſtreſs, when the Wine is good.
Who layes about him like a Gyant
When he meets a morſel fryand.
And ſo long does cram his Gut
He's nothing elſe from head to foot.
When you ſuch an one do ſee
For many a year ne're ſaw his knee,
And now ſcarce ſees at all, be ſure
That ſuch an one's an *Epicure.*

On the Play, of ſhe wou'd, if ſhe cou'd, To the Duke of N.

TO tell you what I think of *Etridg* Play
Since you command this, I will only ſay,
Th'as ſparks of wit, as much as you'd deſire,
But ſparks alone, as far from ſolid fire.
In former dayes none ever went away
But with a glowing boſom from a Play.

With

Vith ſomwhat they had heard or ſeen, ſo fir'd
ou'd think they were Celeſtially inſpir'd.
ow you have only a few light conceits
ike ſquibs and crackers, neither warms nor heats,
ut cauſe at beſt a little gigling laughter
Vhich quickly paſt, makes you but colder after.
o hard tis now for any one to write
Vith *Johnſon*'s fire, or *Fletcher*'s flame and ſpirit.
uch leſs Inimitable *Shakſpear*'s way
romethean-like to animate a Play.

On our late Prologue and Epilouge.

AS Horſe-courſers their Horſes ſet to ſale
With Ribands on their foreheads and their [tail,
So moſt ot'h Poets wit lyes now a days
It'h *Prologue* and the *Epilouge* of their Plays.

On the Poeteſs.

TWas wonder knowing the Poet they ſhou'd
And run ſo far to ſee his *Poeteſs*, [preſs,
But 'twas no wonder ſeeing it, at laſt
They preſt and ran away from it, as faſt.

Epitaph on the ſame.

UNder this Stage together with *Queen Beſs*,
Deeply intomb'd here lies the *Poeteſs*,

'Tis

Tis fit ſuch Plays for obſequies ſhou'd have
Actors for Mourners, and the Stage for Grave.

Queſtion
On a Lady's letting Bloud.

OF this juſt mixture and equalitie
Of water and bloud what ſhou'd the Reaſon be?
The Reaſons clear, forced to part with her
Each drop of bloud for grief did ſhed a Tear.

On the Lady Rockingham's *Nurſing her Children her ſelf.*

HOw like to *Charity* this Lady ſtands
With one Child ſucking, t'other in her hands
VVhilſt bounteous *Nature* Mother of us all,
Of her fair Breaſts is not more Liberal.
Thoſe Parents, but half Mothers are at beſt
Who whilſt they give their wombs, deny their breaſt
And none true Mothers are, but ſuch as you
Who when th'aye brought them forth, do Nurſe them too.
Mirrour of Mothers! In whom all may ſee
By what you are, what they themſelves ſhou'd be,
Ready, like *Pelicans* for Childrens good,
To give their very lives and vital bloud.
And if that milk be only bloud turn'd white
You ſhew your ſelf great *Strafford*'s daughter right,

Both

Both alike ready for the Kingdom's good,
You for to give your milk, as he his bloud.

On Simple.

SImple kept much ado, and much offence
He took for saying, he scarce had *common sense*,
Till saying, he had, and very *Common* too,
He was well pleas'd, and made no more ado.

In Execration of small Beer.

NOw pox and plague to boot on this same [small-
Beer, we may well the *Devils* Julip call,
distil'd i'th Limbeck of some Lap-land witch
With North winds bellows blowing in her breech,
Or stale of some old Hagg ot'h Marshes, who
Than water never better Liquor knew.
A penitential drink for none by right [night.
But those it'h' morning who were drunk or'e
Sure 'twas the poison, (as we well may think)
They gave Condemned *Socrates* to drink,
Or that the *Macedonian* drunk, so cold
As nothing but an Asses hoof cou'd hold.
They were deceiv'd it was not *Niobe's* moan,
But drinking small-beer turn'd her unto stone.
And that which since Infallibly ha's made
Our *Charity* so cold, and the world so bad.

If then *Divines* wou'd mend it, let them preach
Gainſt ſmall-beer only, and no Doctrine teach
But drinking wine, and then we ſoon ſhoud ſee
All in Religion eaſily wou'd agree.
This were a ſtudy worthy of the pains
Of breaking both their own and others brains,
This were a Doctrine worthy of their heat,
And furious beating the pulpit, till they ſweat.

In the Small pox.

THou greateſt Enemy that Beauty ha's,
The very *Goth* and *Vandal* of a face,
On which thou mak'ſt as bad or worſer work
Than does thy fellow *Meazels* upon Pork,
What Execration can be enough
For one like thee is long ſince all curſe-proof?
For ſhou'd we bid the *Plague* on thee, that curſe
Thou Anticipas't already, for tha'rt worſe,
Or great *Pox on thee*, we ſhou'd Curſe, but ill,
Since thou'rt more great in being the *ſmall Pox* ſti
Be ſtill thy ſelf then, but for ever be
Baniſht all fair and gentle Company
To live with Beaſts, as Horſes, Doggs and Swin
Or *Divel*'s, old Companions of thine.

To Sir K. D. *Recommending a Memorial to him in* Italy, *during our Troubles here.*

I Muſt beg of you, Sir, nay, what is more,
Tis a Diſeaſe ſo Infectious to be poor,
Muſt beg, you'd beg for me, which whilſt I do,
What is't but even to make you beggar too?
But povety being as honourable now
As 'twas when *Cincinnatus* held the plough,
Senators ſow'd and reapt, and who had been
In *Car* of Triumph, fetcht the Harveſt in.
Whilſt mightieſt Peers do want, nay, what is worſe
Even greateſt Princes live on others purſe,
And very Kings themſelves are Beggars made
No ſhame for any, Sir, to be ot'h' Trade.

On the Riches of the Barbados *to Col.* Henry Drax.

HOw rich *Barbados* is, and how much worth,
We well may ſee by Sugars, it brings forth,
Of all the reſt, the Richeſt Merchandize.
And if by th' patern, we may judge ot'h' piece,
How Rich it is in men, we well may ſee
By bringing forth brave *Drax* ſuch men as thee.

Of

Of the difference of Travellers.

AS Bees and Spiders by their different pow
Suck Hony and poiſon from the ſelf-ſame
So there no leſs a difference doth appear [flowe
Betwixt the wiſe and fooliſh Traveller,
VVhilſt t'one makes wiſe Election of the beſt
Of every thing he ſees, and leavs the reſt:
T'other as fooliſhly does only chooſe
The worſt of things, and better ſtill refuſe,
T'one brings their Vertues home, t'other agen
Their Vices, only brings along with him.

On a Hector, *beaten and dragg'd through the Streets by the Watch and Conſtable.*

STill to be dragg'd! ſtill to be beaten thus!
Hector, thy name (I fear) is ominous,
And thou for fighting didſt but ill provide,
To take thy name thus from the beaten ſide.
To have every watch like Band of *Mirmidons*,
Beat thee with Halberts down, and break thy
And every petty Conſtable thou meets [bone
Achylles-like to drag thee through the ſtreets.
Poor *Hector*, when thou'rt beaten blind and lam
I hope thou'lt learn to take another name.

Som

Somwhat to Mr. I. A.
On his Excellent Poem of Nothing.

OF *nothing*, nothing's made they ſay, but ſhow
By what tha'ſt writ, diſprov'it that ſaying
And prov'ſt thy ſelf maker of Poems right, [now,
Can'ſt out of *Nothing* bring ſuch ones to light,
VVhich I (as Creatures, him who does create)
Only on *ſomwhat* dully imitate.
Mean time at leaſt ſay all they can agin it,
I hope they needs muſt ſay there's *ſomwhat* in it.
Or granting it, as good as *Nothing* be
The greater honour ſtill, for it and me.

A Rural Dialogue.

Cho. ONce a Nimph and Shepherd meeting,
Never paſt there ſuch a Greeting,
Nor was heard 'twixt ſuch a pair
Plainer dealing, than was there.
He ſcorns VVomen, and ſhe men,
He ſlights her, ſhe him agen.
VVords with words were overthwarted
Thus they meet, and greet, and parted.

Shep. He who never takes a VVife,
Lives a moſt Contented Life.
Nim. She, her whole Contentment looſes
VVho a Husband ever chooſes.

Shep. I of VVomen know too much,
Er'e to care for any such.
Nim. I of men too much do know
To care where er'e you do or no.

Shep. Since y'are so resolv'd, farewell,
Look, you lead not Apes in Hell.
Nim. Better lead Apes thither, than
Thither to be led by men.
Shep. Be rul'd, and do, but as they bid you.
They to Paradise wou'd lead you,
Nim. To Fools Paradise; tis true,
VVou'd they, but be rul'd by you.

Cho. Thus they parted as they met,
Hard to say, who best did get,
Or of *Love* was least afraid,
VVhen being parted, either said
Ambo. *Love*, what Fools, thou mak'st of men,
When th'are in thy power! but when
From thy power they once are free,
Love, what a Fool men make of thee!

The story, of the meeting of Love *and* Death.

Love and *Death* ot'h' way once meeting,
Having past a friendly greeting,
Sleep their weary Eye-lids closing,
Lay them down themselves reposing.

Love

Love whom divers cares moleſted,
Cou'd not ſleep, but whilſt *Death* reſted,
All in haſt away he poſts him,
But his haſte full dearly coſts him.
For it chanc'd that going to ſleeping,
They had given their Darts in keeping,
Unto *Night*, who *Error's* Mother
Blindly knowing, not t'one from t'other.
Gave *Love*, *Death's* and ne're perceiv'd it,
Whilſt as blindly *Love* receiv'd it.
Since which Time their Darts confounding:
Love now kills inſtead of wounding.
Death our hearts with ſweetneſs filling,
Gently wounds inſtead of killing.

Epithalamium,

Or a Nuptial Song for the marriage of the Lord Brackley *with the Lady* Elizabeth Cranfield.

THe faireſt Flower of *Cranfield's* race,
And nobleſt branch of *Egerton*,
Accompanied with every Grace,
By *Hymen* now are joyn'd in one.

Go happy youth, and taſt a bed
The pleaſures fair *Eliza.* yields,
By far ſurpaſſing all that's ſed
Of the pleaſures of the *Elizian* fields.

And fair *Eliza*. be'nt afraid
O'th' bug-bears of a married life,
Thoſe Fears which haunt you now a Maid,
VVill vaniſh ſoon, when y'are a VVife.

And when y'are once a Mother grown,
Such Joy they in their place ſhall leave,
Can ne're be expreſt by human Tongue,
Nor human heart can e're conceive!

To George *Duke of* Albermarle.

IF others have their honours well deſerv'd,
Who nobly have their King and Country *ſerv'd*,
None ever yet deſerv'd them more, than you,
Who have not only *ſerv'd*, but *ſav'd* them too.

In Recommending the Acting of a Play out of the French, unto his Majeſty.

Moſt Royal Sir,

THis Play wo'nt Court the Actors, and much
To any others humbly make addreſs. [leſs
'Twas made for you, and has the Ambition
To owe its Acting unto you alone.
All other Courtſhip and addreſs is poor,
Tis *pure Moliere*, I need to ſay no more.

Pro-

Prologue.

For the Revival of his Damoiſelles, a-la-mode.

THis Play of ours juſt like ſome Veſt or [Jupe,
Worn twice or thrice, was carefully laid
And after a little while it ſo had lain, [up,
Is now brought forth, as good as new again.
For having the Honour of our Maſter's ſight,
And happineſs of giving him delight.
Our Author thought his buſineſs was done,
But great part of our buſineſs is to come.
He only looks after the pleaſure of it,
But we muſt look as well, unto our profit.
He car'd but for an Audience or two,
But if we cou'd, wee'd every day have new.
And to conclude, he had his end agen,
In pleaſing thoſe, who only ſaw it then,
Bnt we muſt pleaſe you now, or wee'd be ſorry,
Since only for that end w'ave kept it for ye.

On Sir Critick.

WHilſt thou on every one ſo faſt doſt ſpend
Thy Judgment as twou'd never have an [end,
Prithee take heed thou ſpend it not ſo faſt,
To leave thy ſelf no Judgment at the laſt.

On the ſame.

TIs but a Cruel ſport for men to go
To th' *Theater*, as to *Bear-baying* they do,

And *Bandog*-like to fall upon the *Play*,
Worry the *Poet*, and then go away,
As they ſome great and mighty Act had done,
When every day, *Dogs* do as great an one.

On the Play of Periocles *Prince of* Tyre.

ARs *longa*, *vita brevis*, as they ſay,
But who Inverſt that ſaying, made this Play.

On the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtles *Cloſet.*

WHat place is this! looks like ſome ſa-[cred Cell,
Where holy Hermits antiently did [dwell.
And never left Importunating Heaven,
Till ſome great Bleſſing unto Earth was given?
Is this a Lady's Cloſet, it can't be?
For nothing here of vanity we ſee,
Nothing of Curioſity, or pride
As moſt of Lady's Cloſets have beſide.
Scarcely a Glaſs or *Mirrour* in't you find,
Excepting *Books*, the *Mirrours* of the mind.
Nor is't a *Library*, but only as ſhe
Makes each place where ſhe comes, a *Library*.
Here ſhe's in Rapture, here in Extaſie,
With ſtudying high and deep Philoſophy.
Here thoſe cleer *lights* deſcend into her mind,
Which by reflexion in her Books we find.

And

And those high *Notions* and *Ideas* too,
Which, but her self, no Woman ever knew.
Whence she's her Sex's Ornament, and Grace,
And Glory of her Time, hail Sacred place!
To which the World in after-Times shall come,
As unto *Homer's* shrine, or *Virgil's* Tomb;
Honouring the Walls, in which she made abode,
The air she breath'd, and ground on which she trod.
So Fame rewards the Arts, and so agen
The Arts reward all those who honour them,
Whilst who in any other hopes do trust,
Shall after Death lye in forgotten dust.

To Mr. Henry Jermin *on occasion of some demanding, why he had no higher Titles.*

STill Noble, Gallant, Generous and brave!
What more of Titles wou'd these people have?
Or what can they imagine more to express
How great thou art, that wou'd not make thee less?
He, who is proud of other Titles, is
Proud of a thing, that's Fortun's, none of his,
A thing, that's but the Title-page ot'h Book,
On which your Ignorant Vulgar only look,
Or garnishment of dishes, not to eat,
But only better to set off the meat.
Thou envy'st none their honours, but woud'st be
Sorry they shou'd deserve them more, than thee.
And 'twere in thee, but vain Ambition,
To seek by other Titles to be known.

When *Harry Jermin*'s name alone affords
As great and loud a ſound as any Lords.
Be ſtill Thy ſelf then, and let others be
High as they liſt in place, what's that to thee?
Their worth's without, but Thine is all within,
And man tis fills the place, but worth fills him.
The *Title* of a worthy perſon's more
Than all the reſt the World does ſo adore.
And there's no *Office* we may greater call,
Than doing of *Good offices* to all.
This is Thy *Office*, theſe Thy *Titles* are,
Let who'ſe will take the reſt, thou doſt not care.

In one who ſlandered a fair and vertuous Lady.

THou Enemy of all that's fair and bright,
As fowls of darkneſs are unto the Light.
Monſter of Monſters! Baſilick of ſpite,
Who kill'ſt with Tongue, as t'other does with ſight.
Slanderer of Ladies, and of them the beſt,
Th'aſt done an Art which all men muſt deteſt.
Beauty's a thing Divine, and he that wou'd
Wrong that, wou'd wrong Divinity, if he cou'd.
Whence th'art not only highly injurious,
But impious too, in ſlandring of her thus.
Who takes our *wealth*, does but as Robbers do,
Who takes our *Farms*, robbs us and kills us too.
And's worſe, than he who does another ſlay,
He takes but Life, thou *life* of *life* away.

The

The Soul of honour, and with poiſnous breath,
Would'ſt if thou coud'ſt, even kill them after death.
But I miſtake, it is no infamy
To be calumniated by ſuch as thee,
Thou rather praiſeſt her againſt thy will,
As he who cur'd by chance, whom he wou'd kill.
For 'tis the ſame thing, rightly underſtood,
To be diſprais'd by th' bad, as prais'd by th' good.

On Miſtreſs Stuart.

STuart, a Royal name that ſprings
From Race of *Calidonian* Kings.
Whoſe Vertuous mind and Beauteous Frame,
Adds honour to that Royal name.
What praiſes can I worthy find,
To celebrate thy Form and mind?
The greateſt power that is on earth,
Is given to Princes by their Birth.
But there's no power in Earth nor Heaven,
More great, than what's to Beauty given.
That makes not only men relent,
When unto Rage and Fury bent,
But Lyons tame, and Tygers mild,
All fierceneſs from their breaſts exil'd.
Such wonders yet cou'd ne're be done
By beauties force and power alone,
Without the power and force to boot,
Of excellent goodneſs added to't.

For

For juſt, as Jewels we behold,
More brightly ſhine, when ſet in Gold,
So *Beauty* ſhines far brighter yet
In Goodneſs, and in *Vertue* ſet.
Continue then but what you are,
So Excellently Good, and Fair,
Let Princes by their birth-rights ſway,
You'l have a power, as great as they.

On Miſtreſs Stuarts *dancing in* Whitehall, *all ſhining with Jewels.*

SO *Citherea* in th' Olympick Hall,
And reſt oth' Starrs dance their Celeſtial Ball,
As *Stuart* with the reſt ot'h Nimphs does here,
The brighteſt Glories of the Britiſh ſphere.
Who wou'd not think her Heaven, to ſee her, thus
All ſhine with Starry Jewels as ſhe does?
Or ſomwhat more than Heaven, to ſee her Eyes
Out-ſhine the Starry Jewels of the Skies?
Only their ſplendor's ſo exceeding bright,
Th' Exceſs confounds and blinds us with the ſight;
Juſt as the *Sun*, who's bright to that degree,
Nothing is more, nothing leſs ſeen, than he.
Mean time the rapid motion of the Sphears,
Is not ſo ſweet and raviſhing, as hers,
Nor is't the Harmony makes her dance, but ſhe
In dancing, 'tis that makes the Harmony.
Next to divineſt *Cinthia*, Queen of Light,
Never was ſeen a Nimph more fair and bright.

Nor

Nor ever ſhall mongſt all her Starry Train [again.
Though thoſe in Heaven ſhou'd all come down

On Miſtreſs Stuarts *Marriage with the Duke of* Richmond.

THe brighteſt Nimph of all *Diana*'s Train,
For whom ſo many ſigh'd, and ſigh'd in vain,
She who ſo oft had others Captive made
And who ſo oft or'e others triumph'd had.
Is *Venus* Captive now her ſelf, and led
In Triumph to the Noble *Richmond*'s bed.
Nor is it ſtrange to ſee about her fly
As many *Cupids* as are Starrs i'th' Sky,
As many *Graces* as are Sands i'th' Sea,
Nor yet as many *Venus*'s as they;
But to behold ſo many *Vertues* throng
About a Nimph ſo Beautiful and young,
Is ſtrange indeed to admiration!
And Joy and Gladneſs too of every one.
But now whilſt ſo much Joy and Gladneſs is,
To ſee how mighty *Jove* does frown at this,
Is ſtranger yet! and does too clearly prove,
Th'are neer to Thunder, who are neer to *Jove*.
Oh may he think amongſt his milder thoughts,
How God-like 'tis to pardon Mortals faults,
And how of all the reſt, the faults of Love
Leaſt move the Anger of the Gods above.

Of

Of Friends and Foes.

JUſt as a Friend and Foe ſhou'd go about
To paint *Antigonus*, whoſe one Eye was out.
Which at half Face, either to ſhew or hide,
T'one turns his blind, t'other his better ſide.
So betwixt *Friends* and *Foes* men are expreſt,
By halfs ſet forth, whilſt they conceal the reſt.

No man's ſo bad, as *Foes* depaint him wou'd,
No man, as *Friends* wou'd make him, half ſo good.

To Lilly *drawing the Counteſs of* Caſtle-mains *Picture.*

STay daring man, and ne'r preſume to draw
Her Picture, till thou maiſt ſuch colours get,
As *Xerxes* and *Apelles* never ſaw,
Nor er'e were known by any Painter yet.

Till from all Beauties thou extract'ſt the Grace.
And from the *Sun*, the Beams, that gil'd the Skies,
Never preſume to draw her beauteous face,
Nor paint the Radiant brightneſs of her Eyes.

In vain the whilſt thou doſt the labour take,
Since none can ſet her forth to her deſert;
She who's above all, nature er'e did make,
much more's above all, can be made by Art.

Yet

Yet been't diſcourag'd, ſince who er'e does ſee't,
At leaſt with Admiration muſt confeſs
It has an air for charming and for ſweet, [leſs.
Much more, than others though than her's much

So thoſe bold Gyants, who wou'd ſcale the Sky,
Although they in their high attempt did fall,
This comfort had they, mounted yet more high
Than thoſe who never ſtrove to climb at all.

Comfort thee then, and think it no diſgrace,
From that great height a little to decline,
Since all muſt grant the Reaſon of it was
Her too great Excellence, and no want of Thine.

On a fair and vertuous Lady's embracing a Religious Life.

A Gentle Shepherdeſs as er'e did tread [fed,
Upon the Plains, whereon her flocks were
Inſpir'd by him who all good thoughts inſpires,
Felt in her breaſt, till then unfelt deſires,
To taſt Heavens pleaſures, ſince the Earth had
A Soul in longing, long cou'd feed upon. [none,
But changing one, aweary of the firſt,
She found the latter pleaſure ſtill, the worſt.
And ſo went ſtill deluded in her mind,
Seeking for that which ſhe cou'd never find.
This Infant thought with pious care ſhe fed,
And with Religious Education bred.

Giving

Giving it now an aſpiration,
Or with for that bleſt Life to feed upon,
And now a ſigh, and now a Tear agen,
Never to have known that bleſſedneſs, till then.
Avoiding carefully thoſe Rocks and Shelves,
On which ſo many Souls had wrackt themſelves,
Thoſe two extremes on which ſo many fall,
To undertake too much, or nought at all,
For 'tis with new-born Children of deſire,
As 'tis with ſparks you kindle unto fire,
Starv'd with too little fuel 'twill not light,
Oppreſt with too much, 'tis extinguiſht quite,
And now ſhe's all a fire, happineſs be
Fair Virgin to thy bleſt deſires, and thee,
So full, ſo high, ſo great a happineſs,
As nothing can be more that is not leſs,
Nothing beyond, but down the Hill again,
And all Addition rather loſs than gain.
By glad Experience maiſt thou find all ſtore
Of hearts contentment thou expect'ſt, and more,
And learn that Magick of Religion there,
Makes every thing quite contrary appear,
To you than unto us, Rich poverty
Triumphant ſufferance, brave Humility.
Soft hardneſs, hardneſs difficulties ſlight,
Sweet bitterneſs, and heavieſt burthens light.
Eaſe in your labour, pleaſure in your pain,
A Heaven on Earth, and all things elſe but vain.

Pious *EPIGRAMS*

To her

MAJESTY.

Of the Force and Efficacy of Prayer.

HEaven is God's Throne, and Earth his Foot-[ſtool is,
To that on wings of Prayer, Souls fly from [this,
Where they almoſt Omnipotent become
By being joyn'd to the Almighty's Throne,
To this height (*Madam*) from your Infancy,
Your *Majeſty* by Prayer was taught to fly,
In Company of thoſe, to whom 'tis given
To have their Converſation in Heaven,
Where thoſe ſtupendious Miracles are wrought
Surpaſs all humane force and humane thought,
And if Heaven ſuffer violence, from whence
But only Prayer, proceeds this violence?

Ther's nothing then that *England* may deſpair
To obtain of Heaven by *Katherina*'s Prayer,
Let us have faith in her, but to confide,
And ſhe ha's faith enough for all beſide.

Of

Of Easter *and* Christmas.

OF *Easter* a great word was said
This is the Day the Lord has made:
Of *Christmas* now a greater word,
This is the Day that made the Lord.

On the Magii's *following the Starr.*

YOur other *Magii* knew that every Starr
In Heaven, was greater than this world b
But now so well professed what th'ad known [fa
As these, who left the VVorld to follow one.

On these words of our B. S. *be ye perfect.*

YOu bid us to be perfect, *Lord*, and we
Continue still imperfect, as you see,
What shou'd we say, *O Lord*, but only this,
Give what you bid, and bid us what you please.

On these other words, O woman great is thy Faith

O Lord when shall our Faiths be praised thus
And we deserve to have thus much said of
Others count all things possible to thee, [us
We nothing possible but what we see,
They more to *Faith*, than *Senses* credit give,
We more our *Senses*, than our *Faith* believe,
They believe all, we but believe by halfs,
Their Faiths are Gyants, our Faiths only dwarfs

FINIS.

On these Words of our B. S. *I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.*

O LORD,

THou art the *Way*, the *Truth*, and *Life*, thou (say'st;
As well thou may'st.
What Fool is he then, wou'd forsake the *Way*,
To go astray?
What Fool is he, who wou'd the *Truth* refuse,
And Falshood chuse?
But oh! 'bove all, what *Fool* and mad-man's he
Wou'd forsake thee?
The only Eternal *Life*, and chuse to die
Eternally!

The saying of a certain Holy-man.

MY *God*, and *I*, can all things do said one
And if it seem too great presumption
To name on's self with *God*, 'tis without doubt
A greater yet, to name on's self *without*.

On Adam's *Fall.*

THose who deny *Free-will* to man, I wou'd
When *Adam* fell, they cou'd have made (it good.

The pleaſure of doing Good.

DO *Good* with *pain*, this *pleaſure* in't you
(find,
The *pain*'s ſoon paſt, the *Good* remains behind.
Do *Ill* with *pleaſure*, this y'ave for your pains,
The *pleaſure* paſſes, and the *Ill* remains.

In Contemplation of our B. S. *Crucified.*

O God! And wou'dſt thou die for me!
And ſhall I nothing do for thee?
But ſtill continne to offend,
So good a Lord, ſo dear a Friend.
Had any *Prince* done this for thee,
What wondring at it wou'd there be!
But ſince 'tis *God* that does it, thou
Doſt never wonder at it now.
Strange! that one ſhou'd more eſteem
A Grace or Gift, that's given to him
By Earthly Kings, then what is given
Unto him by the King of Heaven!

On Man's Audacionſneſs, who dares offend Almighty God.

WHil'ſt ſome admire young *Cato* in ſtory ſo,
Durſt offend thoſe who threatned for to
(throw
Him

Him down to th'ground; I more admire them (who
Dare offend *God*, not only threatens to,
Throw them to th'ground; but what more (fearful is,
Even to th'pit o'th' bottomless Abiss.

On our Passions.

PAssions like *Fire* and *Water* are, and they
Good *Servants*, but ill *Masters* are, they (say;
Govern them then, if thou wou'dst *Master* be;
If rather *Servant*, let them govern thee.

On the Death of Beatrix *Dutchess of* Lorain.

SHe who alive, all *Vertue* and *Beauty* was,
T'one, in her Heart; and t'other in her Face;
Now she's dead, just reason w'ave to fear,
Least *Vertue* and *Beauty* all be dead with her.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Henry Howard *of* Norfolk.

IT is not Travel makes the man, 'tis true
Unless a man Travel'd (my Lord) like you;
In putting off himself, and putting on
The best of every Country where they come,
Their language, fashions, manners, & their use,
Purg'd of the dross, and stript of the abuse.

Whilst your pied Traveler, who nothing knows
Of other Nations fashions but their Clothes,
And learns their Language but as *Parrots* do,
Only perchance a broken word or two;
Goes, and returns just as he went agen,
By carrying still himself along with him.
Mean time your own, and other Countrys too,
In this agree, That chiefly such as you
Are honour'd by their Country when at home;
And honour of it, when abroad they come.

Of the Choice of Friends.

WE ought to shame, each common *Carver*
(shou'd
More choice & careful be in chosing wood
To make their Statua's of, than we of men
To make our friends of, try, and prove them
(then,
And know each one is not for friendship good,
No more than *Mercury*'s made of every wood;
A friend is rarely found, and just as one
Who is of every Trade is good for none:
So he who every one a friend does call,
Shall find in time of need, no friend at all.

To his Royal Highness *the Duke of* York, *Returning from our Naval Victory*, An. 1665.

MOre famous and more great than e're
Cæsar or *Alexander* were! What

What thoſe great Heroes could not do,
Thou haſt both done, and out-done too.
Till Empire of the Seas we get,
No Victory can be compleat;
For Land and Seas make but one Ball,
They had but half, thou haſt it all:
Great Prince the Honour of our days,
And utmoſt bound of humain praiſe!
Increas'd in ſtile, we well may call
You now the whole World's Admiral:
Whil'ſt mighty *Charles* with Trident ſtands,
And like ſome God, the Seas commands.
Having ſo gloriouſly o'recome,
What now remains but to come home;
More famous and more great then e're
Cæſar, or *Alexander* were!

To his Highneſs Prince Rupert *on the ſame.*

GReat and Heroick Prince, ſurpaſſing far
Him, who was ſtyl'd the Thunderbolt of (Warr!
Whil'ſt with thy mighty courage we compare
But others petty ones; methinks they are
Like Dwarfs compar'd to Giants; or at Sea
Like little Schiffs to ſome huge *Argoſey*
Well for the World the whil'ſt, thou doſt not
Imployment equal to thy mighty mind; (find
With th' *Macedon* elſe it would as little ſeem
Unto thee now, as then it did to him.

Greatest Example of Heroick worth,
As ever yet this latter Age brought forth!
As formerly the Land of *Britain* was,
So now the Sea's too narrow for thy praise:
And 'twill in time become the work alone,
Of Extasie and Admiration!
Great and Heroick Prince surpassing far,
Him who was stil'd the Thunderbolt of War!

Of an unworthy Nobleman.

SEe you yond thing, that looks as he (wou'd cry
I am a Lord, a mile e're you come nigh.
Look on him well, & you'd scarce find enough
In the whole man, to make a Lacquey of.
As when a Dwarf 's dress't up in Giant's cloths,
Greater he'd seem, the lesser still he shows;
Or petty Statua's on tall Bases set,
Their heighths but only make them seem less (great
So when they in themselves have real worth,
Titles shew handsomely, and set them forth,
When they have none, their Titles makes them (how
But less, & more contemptible and low.

The

The Mock-Lover.

SONG.

OF all your Fools, your Lover
Does greateſt Folly diſcover;
Who's alway's crying and weeping,
Like School-boys after a whipping.
So long as they'r merry,
One's never a weary:
But ſtill to be whyning and puling,
And ſtill to be ſad,
As if they were mad,
Is neither good Loving nor Fooling.

Your Natural Fools we pity;
And delight in thoſe that are vvitty;
But thoſe vvho are Fools for Love,
Nor delight, nor pity do move.
Theſe only are Toys
For Girls and for Boys.
And never move to compaſſion,
When Lovers are vviſe,
And *Cupid* has Eyes,
They'l love in another faſhion.

The Excuſe.

TO excuſe thy Vice thou call'ſt it natural,
A poor excuſe the whilſt, if that be all,
For ſo we call a *Fool* a *Natural* too,
But to excuſe his Folly that won't do.

The Revenge.

GOD ſays, Revenge only to him belongs,
The *Laws*, to them the righting others wrongs,
For us to ſeek it then, what is it elſe,
But to wrong them, whilſt we wou'd right our ſelves

Exhor-

Exhortation to Friendſhip.

ENough, enough, let us be Friends agen,
And ſtill remember w'are not beaſts but men;
This bayting one another is but juſt
Like Bear-bayting, where thoſe who ſeem the moſt
Delighted with't, nor love the *Dog*, nor *Bear*,
But only th'ſport to ſee them tugg and tear
Each other; & what fools are they, wou'd hurt
And harm themſelvs, for to make others ſport?
You know we are commanded not to let
The Sun upon our Angers riſe nor ſet.
It is enough then, let's be Friends agen,
And ſtill remember w'ar not Beaſts, but Men.

On Mary *Ducheſs of* Richmond.

WHether a cheerful air does riſe
And Elevate her fairer Eyes,
Or a penſive heavineſs
Her lovely Eye-lids does depreſs;
Still the ſame becoming Grace,
Accompanies her Eyes and Face.
Still you'd think that Habit beſt
In which her Countenance laſt was dreſt:

Poor

Poor Beauties! whom a look or glance
Can ſometimes make look fair by chance,
Or curious dreſs, ore Artful care,
Can make ſeem fairer than they are:
Give me the Eyes, give me the Face
To which no Art can add a Grace;
Give me the Looks, no Garb nor dreſs
Can ever make more fair, or leſs.

The Liberty.

FRee as I was born I'le live,
So ſhou'd every wiſe man do:
Only Fools they are who give
Their Freedoms to I know not who.

If my weakneſs cannot ſave it,
But 't muſt go, what e're it coſt:
Some more ſtrong than I ſhall have it,
Who can keep what I have loſt.

Still ſome Excellency ſhou'd be
More i'th' Maſter than the ſlave;
Which in others till I ſee
None my Liberty ſhall have.

Nor is't Excellency enough,
Time or Chance can marr or make;

But

But 't muſt be more laſting ſtuff
Shall from me my Freedom take.

Thoſe to whom I'le give away
That which none too dear can buy,
Shall be made of better clay;
And have better Souls then I.

Of ſeveral ſorts of Wits.

WVits like *Hawks* are for the Sport,
Some are long vving'd ſome are ſhort:
The firſt do fly ſo high a flight,
They often ſoar quite out of ſight.
The ſecond, far the fitter for ye,
Keep them cloſe unto the quarry;
Nor too lovv, nor yet too high,
Of this latter ſort am I.

FINIS.

Why

Why I *write not of Love.*

I Knovv not what is Love, but what is more,
I knovv to honour, reverence and adore
A Miſtreſs, ſo vvrapt up from outvvard
In all that's Excellent, as one by one (ſence,
Unfolding her out every Excellence:
You never ſhall to only vvomen come.
Whil'ſt all my thoughts then are ſo far above,
Let none admire I never vvrite of Love.

l' Envoye.

A*Uthors* uſe to make the Feaſts,
Books their Viands, *Readers* Gueſts;
Judgment Caterer, and *Wit*
The *Cook* to dreſs and ſeaſon it;
Which laſtly on the Table ſet,
The *Author* vvho provides them meat,
Comes and prays his Gueſts to fall
Unto't, and ſays, *they'r welcome all:*

FINIS.

Emendations or Amendments, pag. 2: *to* H. H.

I Grant you Sir I have a mind unfit
For my low Fortune, and too high for it;
But ſure you'l grant 'tis better have it ſo,
Than for high Fortune t' have a mind too low:
For by the firſt w'ar almoſt raiſed to
An Angels heighth attain'd by only few;
Whilſt by the ſecond we are ev'n depreſt
Unto the Vulgar, almoſt to the beaſt, &c.

Pag. 3. *On an Avaritious perſon*, better thus.

Who wholly ſpends his life in getting wealth,
And to increaſe his ſtore, conſumes himſelf;
Does unto me, more Fool than him appear,
Who ſold his Horſe to buy him Provender.

Pag. 15. *On the Riches of the* Barbadoes

HOw Rich *Barbadoes* is of other things,
We well may ſee by Sugars that it brings;
Hovv Rich it is of Men, vve vvell may ſee
By bringing forth brave *Drax* ſuch men as thee.

Pag. 24. *l.* 78. *read*

THe Title of a vvorthy Perſon's more
Than all the Titles vvhich your Fools (adore:

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ERRATA.

FOr the Faults of the Printer as p. 1. l. the laſt but 3 *harmleſs* for *helpleſs:* p. 11. l. the 6. from the end *far* for *faſt.* p. 24. l. the laſt but two *farms* for *fames:* and divers other leſſer ones, the Reader may pleaſe to mend.

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